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A Journey to India



1921-1922



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A Journey to India



A Journey to India

1921-1922

Casual Comment by

ALBERT FARWELL BEMIS, '93, M.I.T.

Copied.



Boston

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TO MY FATHER

I DEDICATE THIS "CASUAL COMMENT"

With the hope that it may reflect in some small measure his keen sense of justice and progressiveness in social, political, and commercial affairs. During the half century ending with his death on the sixth of April, 1921, few, if any, Americans did more than he in creating and developing commerce between British India and the United States

PREFACE

TO circle the globe is still an event of major importance in the life of the ordinary mortal. I have been fortunate enough to have had this experience twice. Both times as the journey progressed I tried with pen and camera to pass on to family and friend some reflection of the scenes or the conditions as they appeared to me. My first effort was perpetuated in the form of an illustrated travelog published in one edition of two copies. The demand for copies of this first edition has been so great as almost to justify a second. My second effort is resulting in this present limited edition, a medley of casual comment on matters political, social, religious, racial, and "what-not," interspersed with illustrations which do not illustrate. There is nothing so developing as being original, so that I may claim to be rather over-developed both as an author and as an illustrator. Not only did most of the ideas (if any there be) originate with me, but for most of the illustrations I pressed the button myself. This book, therefore, will do me more good than anybody else, but perhaps if the text proves too dull to read the illustrations may serve to increase your interest in world affairs.

ALBERT FARWELL BEMIS

Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

November 11, 1922

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A Journey to India



PORT SAID AND MEDITERRANEAN
Looking backward upon starting into Suez Canal



ADEN
British-Indian outpost and port in the Red Sea District

A JOURNEY TO INDIA

CHAPTER I

S.S. Olympic

AS I start on my second voyage to India and on around the world, everything seems to be unsettled: society, politics, industry, commerce, religion, and even climate and weather. "Seems, madam? Nay, 'tis!" Whatever may be the outcome of the huge Soviet experiment and however terrible its immediate physical consequences, great social wrongs will undoubtedly be wiped out and great economic truths established for the ultimate benefit of society. Sovietism is also a great *political* experiment. Although Russia presents the extreme case of social and political experimentation, the same spirit of unrest and self-rule is elsewhere resulting in great changes in political institutions. Ireland is successfully forcing upon Great Britain an extreme measure of political independence. Germany is struggling with her post-war republican government, Middle Europe and the Balkans are in absolute flux, and the people of the Indian Empire are demanding political independence. It is not surprising then that industry and commerce are also unsettled,—

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even to a degree not by any means accounted for solely by the great economic losses of the late war. Russia's mills are closed, her railroads falling to pieces, and her commerce gone. Almost throughout the world factories are running short time, railroads have insufficient traffic, and large numbers of ships lie idle in the harbors. And so, too, is it with religion. The old thought and the quiet Sunday of our forefathers are passing away and what is there adequate to the need to take their place?

Upon starting on my first trip around the world eight years ago I was much impressed by the revolution which had occurred in shipbuilding since my first trip to Europe in 1885. The thing which most impresses me now is the revolution in the world's social structure now going on. Tradition counts for naught; custom sways but the few; our one-time fundamental principles of economics,* of statecraft, of daily living, yes, even of religion, are fighting for their lives; the hazy elusive demand for the democratization of everything is leading us on, we know not where. Let us hope it is into the paths of an orderly evolution, rather than through the waste of disorderly revolution! It will be interesting, as we journey onward, to note in what

* The science of service.



BOMBAY POST-OFFICE
British and Indian architecture cleverly combined



BOMBAY "COTTON GREEN"

S.S. Olympic

way, if at all, these changing conditions are evident to the casual traveler.

Eight years ago my brother-in-law "Dick" accompanied me,—and we had a mighty good time, even if we did tire of each other once or twice. This time my son Gregg, Harvard, 1922, will go with me. As before, the immediate purpose for going is business of the Angus Company of Calcutta, manufacturers of jute cloth and jute machinery. This intimate connection with the industry and commerce of the other side of the world will on this trip, as on the previous one, add interest and good flavor to everything which our eyes behold and our intellects consume.

We sailed from New York December 10, 1921, on the White Star liner *Olympic*, a sister ship of the ill-fated *Titanic* and one of the three or four largest ships afloat. The *Titanic* side-swiped an iceberg while running at full speed and sheared off her side plates over quite an area. She sank in half an hour with a loss of half her passengers and crew. Afterwards the *Olympic* was fitted with a double bottom, plates being riveted to the inside of her ribs as well as the outside. We were most comfortably located, in a large outside stateroom amidships on *B* deck, a room about 10×18 feet, with two windows, one double and one single bed, a sofa,

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table and chair, a washstand and bureau, a large closet and a private bathroom. For a starter this did n't seem much like increased democratization, although I believe the quarters for the crew are much better on the *Olympic* than on older and smaller boats. This suite was partially *presented* to us—as a compliment and advertisement. It is certainly a pleasant custom (for us) when ships are going out half full in the winter season to have some measure of relocation into better quarters which otherwise would not be occupied.

Two companions were also on the *Olympic*, going out to join the Angus staff—Mr. F. C. Roberts, an Australian accountant who had already worked a few years in Calcutta, and Richard McKay, Tech., 1921, a graduate from the course in Engineering Administration, Chemical Engineering option. Roberts spent a week in Boston just before sailing. One evening he had been asked to dine at the house of a friend. The friend had announced at home that he wanted to have an Australian for dinner, and the cook, undaunted, had said, “All right, I’ll order it, but how will you have it cooked?” This one on Roberts will undoubtedly be passed on to the Angus staff.

Gregg and I had said good-*bye* to the rest of the family as they were leaving for California just prior to

S.S. Olympic

our leaving Boston for New York. Both parties were bound for California, but for us who were to reach there by the Asiatic route it did (and still does) seem a very long way. I'm as fickle as any weak-minded flirt as I wobble in thought between departing on these world tours and returning therefrom. On leaving the first time, it seemed quite the wrong thing to leave one's wife and children for so long—but quite all right upon getting back, finding them all well. And now I feel as I did upon starting before. Probably it's just a case of "all's well that ends well."

Our party of four has a table right in the centre of the dining saloon. This proved a good place to be in the storm of Monday the twelfth. As suggested previously, the weather is quite as much disrupted as society. All through the autumn unusual and violent storms have occurred all over the northern hemisphere. So I have been expecting that this world tour would not be as fully storm-free as was the one of eight years ago. This was quickly substantiated. Saturday was fine with the wind in the southwest. Sunday was fair with increasing cloudiness and with the wind more in the south and rising. By evening it was blowing hard. During the night I was several times awakened by the rolling of the ship and my own rolling in bed, and by certain loud

A Journey to India

cracking sounds which suggested the slipping of steel plates at joints. All but one engine and propeller were shut down and the ship was virtually "hove to." We were on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, where the shallow waters themselves make the waves run high when they run at all. The wind was blowing from the southwest and was traveling over a hundred miles an hour and kept blowing for ten or twelve hours. Mountainous seas were running with waves fifty to sixty feet high and a thousand feet long, and the air was filled with flying rain and spray torn from the foaming wave-crests. The ship was headed southerly and apparently making a knot or two an hour in that direction. Actually, we were being blown on our course to the east-northeast. Not only that, but the captain's maneuvering kept the ship both from rolling too much and from the strain of straddling waves.

About nine o'clock Monday morning a great comber struck the ship just forward of the main saloon. I was taking my bath at the time, on the lee side, and felt it strike but thought little of it. The wave broke through all the port-holes of the music room and flooded that room and a part of the dining saloon and put six or eight inches of water in the cabins on the deck below. Splashing upward on the side of the ship, it tore



RAISING WATER FOR IRRIGATION, INDIA



COOLIES MOVING PIANO ON CHOWRINGEE, CALCUTTA

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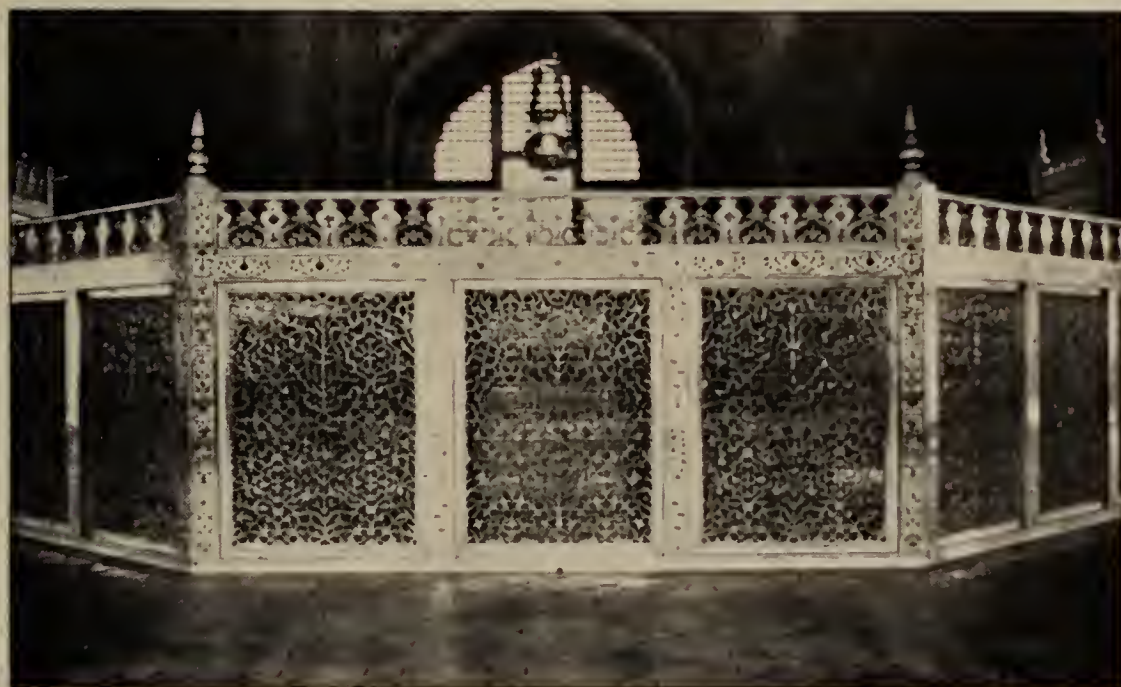
well," and we passed on into better weather and calmer seas.

During the storm there was little excitement evident and no hysteria. Passengers were not allowed outside on deck anywhere. One man with whom I spoke during the morning (a tobacco dealer from Virginia) told me very calmly and seriously that he never expected to see land again. He thought no boat could live in such a sea. I assured him otherwise, at the same time suggesting that he seemed to be in a particularly optimistic mood, and passed on to try for a kodak of it, shooting through an open port-hole on the lee side. It was very much like being out in a great snow-storm fully provided with everything for withstanding it and traveling through it,—warm clothes, snowshoes, guides, and a warm, well-stocked cabin not far away. One's thoughts don't dwell on death or disaster but are fully occupied admiring and fighting the grand phenomena of nature. And yet I could n't help fearing that some of the smaller boats (small steamers and fishing schooners) that were fighting the same storm would be unable to survive its furies. Some of them must have been caught by this, the worst storm the *Olympic* had experienced in its ten years of service.

All the ships sailing for Europe a week earlier had



TAJ MAHAL, AGRA, INDIA



SCREEN AROUND SARCOPHAGI, TAJ MAHAL

S.S. Olympic

very moderate weather and arrived in good time. Nevertheless, we would not have missed that storm if given the chance. It was an experience of a lifetime and became more and more a memory to be cherished (except for the casualties) as the chug-chug, hum-drum ferry-boat character of the normal *Olympic* voyage became more and more evident with the passing of storm conditions. Occasional fog and fog whistling were about the only things to break the monotony of the throb and jar of the engine; while two matches of deck quoit tennis were a pleasant and much needed diversion from the routine of eating and sleeping and making conversation for the consumption of chance acquaintances. Thus we steamed into Cherbourg some fifteen hours late, dropping anchor about seven o'clock Saturday morning, December seventeenth. Roberts, Gregg, and I were to land, while McKay continued on to Southampton and London. First we had to go through the unpleasant ordeal of tipping. We had a regular majordomo for a table steward, and thought we were tipping him consistently with his looks rather than with his efficiency, but as usual there was something wrong with the tip or its delivery, for it seemed to improve neither looks nor efficiency, nor added to the pleasure of our good-bye. Tipping will never be

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a satisfactory system of remuneration, either to the tipper or the tipped—either to the served or the server. It fosters greed and creates class feeling, if not the classes themselves. No doubt it does improve service, by increasing desire to please on the part of the server; but it entrenches the practice of special privilege and is distinctly undemocratic and sordid. Its continuance is evidence that the “social revolution” has not yet struck Europe very hard. I wonder what is the present practice and viewpoint in Soviet Russia! We *did* please Boots with our tip, anyway; and with that bright spot in our spirits, added to the normal joy of the landing landlubber, we disembarked at Cherbourg.

CHAPTER II

France

TO appreciate France the average American must change his view of life or, at least, admit the possibility of other conceptions, other ideals and broad social satisfactions. This is especially true if one stops only in Paris and some general pleasure resort such as the Riviera — as did we. Almost everybody seems to be on pleasure bent or to be serving the pleasure seekers. The serious side of life, no doubt, is present and in large measure too, but to see Paris and Monte Carlo and Nice with everybody eating, drinking, laughing, motoring, and dancing, or helping others to do so, does suppress or hide the direful, the suffering, and the poverty. One is apt to forget that such things exist. The French frankly recognize man's animal instincts and, religion or no religion, morals or no morals, temperance or no temperance, they argue that to suppress them is unnatural and unnecessary, if not actually unwise. Their social code is largely based on this premise. Then, too, pleasure is given a high place in their eyes, outranking work, not only in the individual mind (which may be natural) but in the general social attitude of the nation. In America

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we have always revered the adage, "work before pleasure." Whatever the French might avow, in their acts they put pleasure before work. This is not a bad trait altogether. We might well copy them to the extent of recognizing the rejuvenating power of true recreation—the recreation which really repairs the weary body, mind, and soul. We are too serious, too mechanical, too covetous of the almighty dollar. Yet I would n't swap our social code for the French, with its sensuous thought, wit, and environment, which can but deaden and kill the higher emotions and the higher life. Rather would I take two pages from their book,—the one on which is written the true value of recreation, and the one on which is written the true love of the beautiful. This latter trait was well impressed upon me as we wandered through the Louvre, Sunday afternoon. The galleries were crowded with French, big and little, young and old, rich and poor, all evidently intensely interested in what they saw and appreciative of the art there spread before them in the greatest variety of age and style.

France is still much prostrated by the economic results of the war. There is everywhere evidence of financial stress. Prices are high, failures have been common, the currency system is still badly demoral-

France

ized, with each city or chamber of commerce issuing its own paper or metal “petit monnaie.” Nevertheless, there is no sign of the “social revolution” in France. Rather would I predict a return to pre-war conditions, more effectual and quicker than in the case of any of the other major combatants. The extreme radicals are as numerous and noisy as before the war—but not more so. France is certainly more cosmopolitan, but the French are conservative, especially those who are running things, and there is not the slightest disposition on their part, nor even thought of anything but to return to the pre-war order of things. There is not a nation more united in its foreign policy, or more united in its economic policy,—no, not even Japan! Its people, from one end of the country to the other, are out to “do” the foreigner and, in a narrow sense, anyway, they are “doing” him. Changes there are, and in quantity, but they are all changes of form and not of substance. Of course this impression comes from the most casual visit, and only to Paris and the Riviera, without insight into industry and agriculture. Nevertheless, Paris dominates France (yes, it *is* France), and I am sure if there are great social changes imminent in France they will come from outside and not inside.

We spent two days in Paris. Then we hit out for

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two or three days in the Riviera. "Tout le monde" was headed that way. The journey takes eighteen hours, so one must spend the night on the train. No sleeping accommodations were available on any of the five or six daily trains for a week or so. We decided to go along, however, and chance getting something at the station. There we just dropped in as two *couchettes* were released, and we grabbed them, paying almost as much therefor as for our transportation. *Couchettes* come in groups of three in a compartment. They are very comfortable seats separated from each other with large arms and sides approximating partitions. The seats may be extended into equally comfortable couches. In looking up our places we found a young woman occupying the *couchette* by the window. Our presence did n't seem to worry her in the slightest, so we did n't allow her presence to worry us. With a French person in the space next the window, we pictured ourselves as being bottled up for the night, for surely nobody French would sleep in a *courant d'air*. So when our companion showed signs of "turning in," I went to the window at the foot of her *couchette* and asked, in as good French as I could muster, whether she would mind if I should open the window. She replied very pleasantly, asking me to do as I wished and it would please her. I

France

risked suffocation by insisting that she was the one to be pleased in the matter. But still she seemed quite indifferent about the window and hoped we would please ourselves, — so I opened the window downward from the top. Then Gregg and I turned in, leaving the curtains open into the passageway. In the middle of the night I felt cold and noticed that the window had a tendency to open wide, so, to avoid the *courant d'air* myself, I tied the window up with my belt. In the meantime two or three trainmen had stopped in wonderment to view the *courant d'air* through the passage window. In the morning I skipped out early to get my breakfast. Upon returning *La Française* was up and I expressed the fear that there had been too much *courant d'air*, but, to our amazement, she continued to insist that it had been quite all right, — so the laugh was on us. Later we opened up conversation in French, and by the time we had reached Nice we had picked up considerable new vocabulary; quickly acquired, it is already mostly lost.

Gregg evidently much enjoyed Nice and Monte Carlo. To me it was very depressing. In the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery in the world, perhaps the most beautiful coastline, life seemed wholly artificial and sordid. If there is any serious business

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from Cannes to Monte Carlo, we saw nothing of it. Life there seems to centre around the casinos. At Nice there is one built out over the water, and another, owned and managed by the municipality, faces a big square a little back from the shore. There people congregate in large numbers in the late afternoon and evening for tea, dinner, dancing, roulette, etc. Both there and in the cabaret restaurants it is quite enough of an introduction to be in evening dress. This is where Gregg came in strong, while I looked on, when present. In the casino at Monte Carlo I saw no dancing, only gambling, eating, drinking, and again gambling. There is no charge for admission to the first floor, though passports must be shown and they are chary of admitting minors. There must be twenty or twenty-five large gambling tables in the casino, most of them going a considerable part of the day and night. Six or eight officials preside over each table and they relieve one another frequently. The game is carried on with the utmost seriousness, and nearby talking and laughing are much frowned upon. Women gamblers are about as conspicuous in numbers and size of operations as men,—old women, middle-aged, and young. Practically everybody we watched ultimately lost,—and we did, too. One woman, about forty, watched sympathetically by her hus-



RIVER JUMNA AND TAJ MAHAL
A far-away view through Golden Pagoda



EXTERIOR DETAIL OF TAJ MAHAL
A close-up view from the front

France

band, English both, worked the chips very actively and for a time with seeming success, so that she began contributing twenty-franc chips to the cause of the poor, failing casino. This seems to be considered courtesy when one wins, or a lucky thing to do, but it looks foolish to me, considering the inevitable winnings of the bank. Anyway, her luck turned bad and after losing most of her chips, she departed, and we withdrew surfeited with the atmosphere of the place and quite ready for our ride back to Nice in the open air along the coast. Monaco, on a promontory jutting out into the sea from Monte Carlo, is a quaint and beautiful old fastness, and our visit to that was a refreshing antidote to the sordidness of the nearby casino. I think we were both quite ready on Friday the twenty-third to return to Marseilles and to board the *Kaisar-i-Hind* for Bombay.

CHAPTER III

S.S. Kaisar-i-Hind

TO those Britishers who travel to the Orient, P. and O. liners are models of comfort and efficiency, even though there be evidences of parsimony in occasional features of the service. The *Kaisar-i-Hind* (Emperor of India) was launched in 1914 and is the fastest ship of the P. and O. fleet, with a speed of sixteen knots. She (or he or it) also has the distinction of being captained by the commodore of the fleet, W. B. Palmer, O.B.E., R.N.R., who has been thirty-eight years in the P. and O. service. The interior fittings are very simple, being modeled after the product of half a century ago, except for lighting and punkas (fans), which are electric. The ancient custom, too, is followed of leaving the passenger to provide his own deck chair if desired. After the *Olympic* the arrangements seemed particularly crude, but we liked the ship none the less, and especially considering the semi-tropical nature of our voyage. The deck space was relatively large and fine for deck sports and dancing. The *Kaisar-i-Hind* is a good ship and had a jolly crowd aboard.

From Marseilles we skirted the beautiful French

S.S. Kaisar-i-Hind

coast for some hours and then passed on into the dusk and the open sea. During the night we sailed between Corsica and Sardinia, and Christmas morning found us well on the way to "Scylla and Charybdis," between *whom* we passed Christmas evening. In the afternoon several bold volcanic islands were visible,—including Stromboli, which is alive and is belching forth hot lava continuously, the fumes being clearly visible from the north. There is a small town located on a grass-covered ledge on the northwest corner of the island with the steep slopes of the volcano towering above it. The only excuse for living in such a place must be that of having been born and brought up there. Perhaps, however, when the coal supply gets short, Stromboli will be used to light and heat Italy, and Vesuvius to run her factories, and then residence nearby may become more logical if not attractive. It was rather disappointing not to reach the Strait of Messina, with Scylla and Charybdis on either side, during the daylight. As it was, it was nearly dinner time and quite dark and rainy. Nevertheless, the towns on each side of the Strait, being brilliantly lighted, lent joy and cheer to the otherwise sombre Christmas evening. I personally found a lot more joy out on the wet deck, watching the lights, than inside where roulette began the moment Christmas

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dinner was out of the way. Not only did roulette hold sway in the "lounge" on Christmas (Sunday) evening, but also a week later, New Year's (Sunday) evening. Dancing was also in vogue Sunday evenings, though deck sports were barred. I tried to get a little out of "divine service" Christmas morning, but my practical mind prevented, for on this Christmas morning there was nothing in music or in prayer or in response to remove it from distinct mediocrity. Even the English present were unable to put spirit enough into their singing or their reading to add any lustre to the machine. The organ helped a bit to make the service unique, being pitched an octave too high because three stops were out of commission, and our table steward sitting at the keys certainly put *facial* expression enough into his efforts to make of the occasion an *opéra bouffe*. Nevertheless, we did have a good Christmas with our stockings full of jokes and good remembrances from home.

What a commotion the *Kaisar-i-Hind* would have made in passing through the Strait of Messina about two thousand years ago! The living Caesar would have hurriedly concentrated his fleets and his legions to combat this monster from an unknown world, while all the civilian population bordering the Strait would



ANGUS JUTE MILL, BHADRESWAR, CALCUTTA

In the upper picture are the Hooghly River & European Residence Compound. In the far background may be seen the chimneys of Northbrook, Dalhousie, and Champdany. In the lower picture are the "Coolie Lines," Mosque, and School

S.S. Kaisar-i-Hind

have congregated to watch the monster, or fled in terror to the interior. Had the ship been provisioned for a few months with fuel, food, and munitions of war, her passengers and crew (or certainly a modern trained naval crew of similar size) would have been able fully to control if not to conquer the maritime world of that time. Nothing more would have been needed to enable Rome or Byzantium to extend sovereignty over the entire world. What kind of a monster will be the *Kaisar-i-Hind* of 3921 A.D.?

One gets his first taste of the East at Port Said. There it is easy to understand the origin of our "street Arab." In the East, as at Port Said, streets are usually without sidewalks, and the roadways of a city are filled with humanity and with traffic of all kinds. Here is a good place to learn the elements of trading, and bright you are if you can get the best of these Port Said street vendors. We all had a try at it, and though Dick won the prize for the best bargain, we learned of lower prices after we had bought, and furthermore, realized later that what we supposed was the product of Egypt was undoubtedly made in England, Europe, or Japan, with a strong probability pointing to the last named. Profiting by our experience at Port Said, we did better at Aden, where we landed Sunday afternoon of New

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Year's Day. We took a motor drive to the "tanks,"—a very interesting group of masonry reservoirs located in a small cañon and fed by wells. These tanks were discovered by the British in 1854, under piles of rubbish, and little or nothing is known of their origin. We ran into an Arab New Year's celebration in the form of athletic sports. In one event boys in two groups ran around a track in opposite directions, meeting at the finish line on the other side. This is obviously a dangerous way to run a race owing to the probability of collision at the finish. In this case there was a small one but without serious results. The winner ran well. Camels or, more strictly, dromedaries are the beasts of burden chiefly used at Aden. It is a lonely, isolated spot, located on a promontory of porous volcanic rock jutting out from a low endless desert of sand. It is primarily a British naval base and coaling station, but it is also a transshipment point, lying as it does at the crossroads between East Africa and the East, and the West. As a place of residence there is little to attract, and, besides the British civil and military officers and garrison, the inhabitants seem to be the "scum of the earth" from Arabia and Somaliland, but a cheerful lot for all that.

At Port Said there were rumors of serious rioting at

S.S. Kaisar-i-Hind

Cairo and other points in Egypt with numerous casualties among the natives. Many passengers who expected to stop over for awhile in Egypt decided to continue on to India. Ireland's success in winning the "Irish Free State" was reported to be stirring not only the Egyptians but the inhabitants of India to demand similar measures of political independence.

In passing through the Suez Canal, the weather at first was very cold for that region. There were comparatively few birds on Lake Menzaleh and we saw none worthy of particular comment. In passing from the canal into the Red Sea, one first goes through the Gulf of Suez. About half-way down the gulf, one can see Mt. Sinai when weather conditions are favorable. Both sides of the gulf are bordered by high arid cliffs or mountains of a reddish hue. Some say these are responsible for the name of the sea, as well as the red sandy beaches. But quite as likely it is taken from the billions of minute red jellyfishes which occasionally form upon its surface and are blown in upon its shores.

The third day from Port Said (the last in the Red Sea) was very warm, with a following wind, so that deck sports and other strenuous amusements were discontinued in favor of lolling around. When the weather cooled, with our arrival in the Indian Ocean, a line of

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tournaments in deck sports came into prominence. Gregg went into four and had the *distinction* of getting into the finals in all of them, and the *extinction* of losing out in all. An Indian graduate of Oxford named Preshada proved to be the king in deck tennis, beating Gregg in the finals by 7-3, 6-1. He was a member of the Oxford tennis "Blues," and a very good sport. Dancing, however, was the most popular recreation with the younger passengers, among whom I had the temerity occasionally to include myself.

Among the pleasant acquaintances we made on board were: Mr. and Mrs. Carter Harrison (five times Mayor of Chicago, and his father five times before him); Dr. Dudley of Chicago, who is going out to the interior of China at his own expense to teach Chinese medical students for a few months; Mr. and Mrs. Guy, a fine couple from New Zealand, he an attorney; Mr. Crowe, an English telephone expert, and his sister, who dances better than any one with whom I have recently performed; Mr. Smythe of Birkmyre Bros., Calcutta, and his wife; Miss Birkmyre, sister of Sir Archie Birkmyre; Mr. Laheuraux, an American electrician who is to join the staff of the Tota hydro-electric works of Bombay; several Indian graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, and others.



SURUT CHUNDER MOOKERJEE

General contractor for a considerable portion Angus land and buildings

S.S. Kaisar-i-Hind

We sailed into the beautiful harbor of Bombay early on the morning of January sixth, and were glad to get ashore, much as we had enjoyed the voyage.

CHAPTER IV

Our Wanderings in British India

BOMBAY is a very satisfying port through which to enter India. It has not the most beautiful harbor in the world, but it lags not far behind the most beautiful. The jagged hilltops of western India reach almost to the city, so that the surrounding shores have contour and character quite their own. As we sailed slowly into the semicircle of hilly harbor shores, the bright-hued walls of the Taj Mahal Hotel and other buildings along the water front stood out more and more vividly in the clear morning air. Ours was the first boat to arrive at the new Friday morning schedule, and we were, too, the first ones to get the benefit of a new hurry-up method of customs inspection. So our arrival was quickly over, with rather too short a time in which to say final good-byes to all our steamer friends and thoroughly to enjoy all the features of a British-Indian reception, including long garlands of flowers for decorating one's friends, as in Hawaii. Once away from the dock the beauties of Bombay from the inside quickly assert themselves. Bombay is a very cosmopolitan city full to overflowing of native life and color, and it has at least the appearance of



ANGUS JUTE MILL
*Hand-sewed bag department in foreground
 Calendering and finishing department in background*



ANGUS JUTE MILL
Weavers, spinners, and doffer boys

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being clean. It probably has the best native market in all India, and if one will visit the market early in the day he will see practically every grade of humanity in that part of the world, not to mention numerous examples from other worlds. So also on the water front there is a distinct cosmopolitan atmosphere with vessels of all kinds very much in evidence, merchantmen, big and little, steam and sail; war vessels, including just now H.M.S. *Renown*, the crack British battleship on which the Prince of Wales is sailing the seas; innumerable small boats, including the large fleet of the Bombay Yacht Club; and sailboats for hire of lateen rig and native design and crew, one of which we tried out in the late afternoon. It seemed little longer than yesterday that I had been in India before (eight years ago), and for a short time I well appreciated "the call of the East," as we drove through the crowded streets alive with pedestrians and bullock carts loaded with Indian cotton. For the tourist Bombay is the front door of India, and it will be doubly so after the completion of the great stone portal now being built on the water front near the Taj Hotel.

The Parsees of Bombay and vicinity, and the Marwaris who are largely scattered around India, are the Jew merchant traders of India. Both are imbued with

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the gambling spirit, the Marwaris being thoroughly saturated with it. However rich one of these plungers may be one day, the next day he may be poorer than the poor. One of these Marwaris, once knighted, seeing a chance to corner the Indian cotton market last autumn, bought half a million bales and cleaned up three crores of rupees (Rs30,000,000) on paper. He delights to tell about it, but says nothing about the losses which he must have made in his other deals and in getting out of this one. This knight, doing business in his own individual name, has large and varied interests,—cotton mills, etc., and mercantile affairs without limit. For business reasons he asked his Bombay representative to meet our delegation upon arrival at the dock. So, who should greet me with a letter of introduction as I disembarked but Sahib ——, a Marwari, with two or three attendants. He could speak no English and I no Hindustani, so we were in the hands of the sign language, or the interpreter. He first decorated me with a wreath of flowers and a large bouquet, and then insisted upon motoring me to our hotel (Greene's). He placed a motor at our disposal during our stay of which we made good use, with the unusual relish due to the backward flow of favors from buyer to seller. What was our amazement and embarrassment to have Sahib——

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and three of his pals appear at the hotel about four in the afternoon with two heaping trays of fruit,—grapes, bananas, mandarins, apples, mangostines, and pomegranates. There was more embarrassment still after R. and I had showed them to our room, when one of them pulled out a pocket-knife, refusing one of ours, and proceeded to carve up and offer us sample slices of the various kinds,—the skins, seeds, etc., gravitating naturally to the floor. R. gave me the wink to refuse it all, but for courtesy's sake I concluded to take the chance and downed the proffered fruit. Not willing to be thus submerged with the fruit of human kindness, or commercialism, R. and I ordered cocktails all around (six), although the four Marwaris protested their religion forbade them to touch it, and we had been told they would n't drink. We thought that we detected a "yes, thank you," in their refusal; but no,—the moment the cocktails hove in sight, up they all stood, still smiling pleasantly, and bade us good-bye. We could n't but admire them for sticking so absolutely to their principles, especially as it left R. and me with three cocktails apiece to drown out those cholera germs we had swallowed with the fruit.

One of the interesting features of Bombay which all tourists visit is the Parsee cemetery, known as the

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“Towers of Silence.” In a beautiful, enclosed garden on the top of Malabar Hill stand these “towers,”—high white masonry enclosures varying in size from a New York backyard to a small city block. Perched upon the walls are numerous enormous vultures sharpening their beaks after a good meal or restlessly moving about, impatiently awaiting the next. Inside these enclosures the floors are rather elaborately constructed, sloping to a central drain which is supposed to convey the “liquids” to purifying carbon beds. To go inside one of these towers one must be a priest,—or a vulture. Even the family of the deceased may not see the body committed to the towers. Commitments are usually made in the early morning hours, and long before noon all human flesh must have changed into carrion. The process is not pleasant to contemplate; but is it one whit worse than slowly to have one’s flesh changed into a subsoil worm?

We decided to spend at least one day at Agra on the way to Calcutta. Three members of the quartet had never seen the Taj Mahal, and the chance to see it, especially in the moonlight, might not occur again. Eight years had marred its beauty none at all; but the increased number of attendants forcing their services upon one interfered with the joy of quiet meditation



ANGUS SCHOOL FOR NATIVE BOYS
*Adults in the rear row from right to left
 Dr. Norrie, Librarian, Gregg, Author, Teachers, Clark*



ANGUS RESIDENCE COMPOUND
This lies in the French Province of Chandernagore

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upon the beauty of the memorial and the splendor of the former life which the mausoleum reflected. In eight years nothing new has been discovered as to the architect of the Taj, and an Italian still heads the list of those credited with that supreme honor. The omnipresent guides did us at least one good turn by chanting from the Koran directly under the big dome, and thereby touching up echoes and reverberations which otherwise for us would have remained quiescent and unknown for further undefinable periods. We visited the Taj in the morning, afternoon, and evening; in the bright crystal atmosphere of an Indian "cold weather," and in the soft, ethereal light of a half-moon. It is certainly a marvelous conception and marvelously carried out; a structure so nicely conceived and made as to justify either telescopic or microscopic examination; so pure and ethereal does it seem in the moonlight as to justify the query, —is this perhaps the "building not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens"?

At the Cecil Hotel in Agra we found the same know-it-all porter in command, the same nice old *khidmatgar*, now head-waiter, the same excellent table, and the same ownership,—except that Mrs. Hotz, having retired from active work, has left things with her affable son. Four or five college men blew in while we

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were there and among them Gregg discovered two Harvard, 1921, acquaintances, Merwin (track manager) and Smith (*Crimson* editor). We arranged for an Indian sleight-of-hand performer to give an exhibition in the parlor, and when we came to remunerate him, beat him at his own game. Before the performance he would name no fee but insisted "whatever you like" would be satisfactory. I told him it would n't be,—and it was n't.

As we circulated about the city it seemed to me there was a noticeable lack of respect shown to us by the natives compared with eight years earlier. There seemed to be more independence, and more begging. Our visit to the fort and the white and red palaces inside was made quite enjoyable by a sympathetic young guide and an ancient keeper of the Pearl Mosque. Gregg investigated all nooks and corners and devious ways of the white and red palaces; and declared them quite suitable for "Beckon." We were very sorry to pull out of Agra for Calcutta.

We purposely took the slower of two expresses to avoid inconvenient hours. Our train stopped at every station of any consequence, and wherever we stopped, regardless of the hour of day or night, there were crowds of natives to get on or off, and limitless jabber, jabber,

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jabber about it. Our poor old bearer had a miserable time of it in a third-class compartment next door to ours, filled continuously with ever-changing passengers—all with the habit of gab. There was little sign of poverty and much of prosperity in all this coming and going, and it was an interesting crowd to watch, full of color and of Kipling. Thus we rolled into Calcutta on January eleventh, thirty-two days out of New York, and found my business associate, Phillips, at the station to meet us.

To chronicle the daily events of our stay in India would be like enumerating the hourly and daily climatological phenomena coincident with the growth of a plant rather than to make reference, however faulty and inadequate, to the phenomena of life within the plant itself. Our visit was crowded full: with retiring, rising, eating; with business and social calls and dinners; with delays and annoyances contingent upon the Indian psychology as found in the *babu* and *bearer* and *khidmatgar*; with visits to Angus and other mills; with tennis, golf, and bridge; and with deep draughts and continuous draughts from the ever-over-flowing cup of Indian politico-social atmosphere. We lived for the most part in the flat over the Angus

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Company offices, very comfortable quarters, even if too close to the durran-inhabited roofs of our own and other office buildings. Every other week-end we would spend two or three days at the Angus Mill compound, twenty miles up the river at Badreshwa near Chandernagore (French territory, in which the Angus residence compound is built). Gregg and I spent a wonderful week in the tropical altitudes of the Himalayas with the cheery natives of Sikkim, seeing three hundred miles of the world's loftiest mountain ranges blanketed in eternal snows. Then Gregg took a lonely hike to Delhi, Agra, and Jaipur, entering and leaving Delhi by rail three times in a single week, notwithstanding the East Indian Railway strike, and cheering the Prince of Wales by his presence at the small Durbar in the Fort. I took a hurried trip to Bombay to see something of the cotton industry, at present the most prosperous of all Indian industries owing to the Gandhi-ites' Swadeshi* propaganda. Finally, in leaving Calcutta we journeyed by rail southward to Ceylon, stopping for a day each at Madras and Madura.

Madura proved to be one of the most interesting of any of the places we visited, a city of considerable

* *Swadeshi* means, broadly, economic independence; more narrowly it means the policy of confining one's patronage to home products.



Construction of brick chimney 180 ft. tall, showing bamboo scaffolding viewed from the base



Pile-driving by man power

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size still retaining and maintaining its physical and social structure much as it existed two or three hundred years ago, except for the potent educational and religious influences exercised by the Catholic missions and the extensive medical and educational institutions of the American Board for Foreign Missions (Congregationalist). It is a strange association indeed, that of the Christian church, with its enlightened policy of thought, freedom, and clean living, looking only to the Divine Spirit for help and guidance, acting alongside of all the intricate confusion of Hindu idolatry, animal passion, and reverent ignorance housed in a temple truly grand in its conception and often inspiring in its architectural detail, but crowded with grotesque idols, with refuse from floral sacrifices and candle grease, with beggary and mercenary traffic,—all presided over by some fifty or more well-fed, fat, repulsive-looking Brahmin priests. As evidence of the great service performed by the Christian missions is the fact that the government is gradually incorporating their non-religious departments into the educational system of the empire.

From the dak bungalow on Sandakphu mountain in the Darjeeling district I wrote home as follows:

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“Here Gregg and I are—up 12,000 ft., with a foot of snow around us and looking out from the front of our government bungalow upon the great Himalayan range (including the tallest mountains in the world), Kangchenjunga forty miles off and Mt. Everest a hundred. We have spent two rather strenuous days getting here, on pony back and on foot, too strenuous for me, and I’m glad of the chance to take things easy to-day. We came to Darjeeling on the second and made our arrangements with a *sirdar* named Lakpa Bhutia to engineer us out here thirty-six and one-half miles from Darjeeling. Our company consists of *sirdar*, cook and food coolie, tiffin (lunch) coolie, four men and four women coolies to carry our clothes, bedding, cooking utensils, etc., and two ponies with their syces, small boys in this case. G. and I ride a good part of the time, but walk down hill usually and at other times when we (or I) get lame in the saddle. Alice will be pleased to know I’m riding and getting into trim for her promised teaching in California. The Indian government has built and maintains bungalows (shelters or camps) in numerous places throughout India for the benefit of white travelers in little-frequented places. There are about forty in this region. There is usually a native nearby to look out for the building and fire-

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wood, but otherwise the traveler must provide everything himself, except ordinary furniture, etc. We were mostly in clouds and snow the two days coming up here, but to-day has been fairly clear, with considerable sun and beautiful cloud effects. We arose at 5.30, had a cup of tea (*chota-hazri*, meaning small breakfast), and went up on a crest above the bungalow and wandered around and gloried in the view for three or four hours. The view from here is something like that from the 'Thompsons' in early winter, multiplied a hundred times. The Kangchenjunga group take the place of Whiteface, Passaconaway, and Chocorua, and Everest of Sandwich dome. Then on each side and as far as the eye can reach to the east, north, and west there are snow-covered peaks of every shape and size. Kangchenjunga is the big feature from here, forty to fifty miles distant, forcing attention away from all other features of the view, even Everest which, being over one hundred miles away, stands rather subdued on the horizon by perspective and by the mass of beautiful Mt. Makalu standing almost in the way. This mountain on which we are, Sandakphu, is twice as high as Washington, and the surrounding mountains, instead of being lesser piles as in the case of Washington, are far greater, double the height and a hundred

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times the mass. From here one can see this range of giant mountains, snow-covered and extending at least a hundred and fifty miles eastward and again westward,—probably three hundred miles of the world's largest mountain range all in sight from the same spot, with a foreground of valley and mountain and then endless minor ridges and peaks. I've tried to take pictures of it all, but shall be lucky to get anything which can even be identified,—a most intractable subject.

“The night before getting back to Darjeeling, when at the dak bungalow on Mt. Tonglu (10,000 ft. elevation), G. had an attack of vomiting which gave us quite a scare, fearing cholera which comes on that way. As it is necessary in fighting cholera to get treatment quickly and as there was no help in sight short of Darjeeling, twenty-three miles away, we rose at six, roused the *sirdar*, got a cup of tea, and routed out syces and ponies and started with the latter for relief. It was a beautifully clear morning with entrancing views of the mountains, Kangchenjunga being especially fine from Tonglu. G. grew better as we progressed—after a dose of aspirin and cascara. We reached Darjeeling before 2 p. m. and by evening G. was himself again.”



MT. EVEREST (CENTRE) AND MT. MAKALU (RIGHT)

Mt. Everest, which is in the native state of Nepal in northern India, has an elevation of over 29,000 ft. and is the tallest mountain in the world. The above is copied from a telephotograph taken from Mt. Sandakphu (12,000 ft.), 100 miles distant

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On the way from Sandakphu to Tonglu the trail was for the most part covered with snow. In one portion, where the bamboo jungle on either side was very thick for a mile or so, we noticed the footprints of a tiger that had evidently passed along that way shortly before. He traveled along the trail for a quarter or half a mile. I took a copy of one of his footprints in the snow and its extreme length was about four inches and width three and one-quarter inches. Further on down the mountainside we saw numerous orchids of a variety called Bambooa growing on the tree trunks. The blossoms were white-petaled with a central hood marked with yellowish red. We secured several of these bulbs and mailed them home to America. We were told that two months later that section would be aglow with orchids of numerous varieties and all colors as well as with flowering trees and shrubs.

CHAPTER V

Social, Political, and Industrial India

THE Indian Empire is probably the most complex of the major divisions of human society. Its territory covers the main part of the great Indian peninsula and Burmah south of the Himalayas. Politically this territory is divided among the presidencies of Bengal, Bombay, and Madras, several provinces, including Burmah, and numerous native states. Over all is the Viceroy of India, appointed by the British Cabinet. Each presidency has an appointed governor, and the provinces a lieutenant-governor or magistrate of lesser title. The native states place their external affairs under the sovereignty of the Empire while conducting their own internal government except for advice supplied by the Empire. For many years the British government has been granting to the presidencies and provinces a larger and larger measure of self-government in local affairs. More recently this liberality has extended in large measure to imperial affairs, so that now the Legislative Council, which corresponds to the House of Commons, has a majority of elected members (Indians). India has self-government, therefore, with the one remaining check in the full

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power of veto which the viceroy may exercise but thus far never has. Besides the Legislative Council there is also an Executive Council, corresponding to the House of Lords, and a Council of the Princes of Native States.

The social structure of the Indian Empire is an unsolvable maze, a pathless forest of unlimited area and innumerable flora. Most of the basic races of the world are represented among her people. Hinduism is the predominating religion, though the Mohammedans are individually so much more virile that Mohammedanism certainly vies with Hinduism as the principal religious influence in the life of the nation. Besides Hindus and Mohammedans there are considerable numbers of Buddhists (mostly in Burmah), Animists, Christians, Sikhs, and Jains. The numbers and percentages ascribed to these various religions are approximately as follows :

RELIGION	MILLIONS	PER CENT
<i>Hindu</i>	218	70
<i>Moslem</i>	67	21
<i>Buddhist</i>	11	3
<i>Animist</i>	10	3
<i>Christian</i>	4	1
<i>Sikh</i>	3	1
<i>Miscellaneous</i>	3	1
<i>Total</i>	316	100

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Notwithstanding the strength of Mohammedanism and the Indian origin of Buddhism and the generations of efforts at conversion of the masses by Christian and Sikh, Hinduism maintains its hold upon the people of India and exerts its subtle influence over the national life. The achievements of Christianity have been more secular than religious. Indeed, the modernity in national thought and act has developed very largely from the activities of Christian people.

To the complexity arising from the presence of several races and several religions must be added the Hindu social institution of *caste*. Some authorities indicate that caste was originally an occupational distinction. A recent writer claims that caste originated in the rules of conduct adopted by the intellectually and morally superior Brahmins and gradually copied by other groups of society. Whatever the origin, these groups and their regulatory traditions have been so changed and subverted that the few original castes have become several thousand with innumerable distinctions and prejudicial barriers which, to the European mind, are intricate in the extreme. Through all this evolution the Brahmin (Hindu priest) has retained his caste supremacy above all others, thus preserving for Hinduism the practical social and political control of the nation.



AMERICAN (BOARD) COLLEGE, MADURA, INDIA
Supported in part by Province of Madura



GIRLS' NORMAL SCHOOL, MADURA, INDIA
American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions

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Occupation may never have defined caste, but undoubtedly it has influenced it. The *bhisties* or water carriers form one of the lower castes, and the carrying of water for others is supposed to be reserved for members of that caste, both as a right and an obligation. A Brahmin is not obligated to serve as a Hindu priest, but on the other hand, a Hindu priest must be taken from among the Brahmins. One thing is clear, that any serious violation of caste regulations is practically sure to result in social extinction, the violator becoming an "outcast" and falling to a plane below the very lowest caste.

This crude analysis of the social structure of India may serve to indicate the complexity of the organization. In a people of five basic races, seven different religions, and three thousand separate castes, there is at least the possibility of having one hundred thousand different groups, each group having some prejudice or principle to distinguish it from the rest. The structure reminds me of the bamboo staging around our Angus chimney when viewed from below, close to its base. There is little wonder that the introduction of mass living and mass working, with all the rules and restrictions essential to organized effort, has been attended by obstacles of the most puzzling character.

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Whatever has been accomplished in this field has been effected by bending the plant and the employment methods and regulations to fit the prejudices and customs of the workers, rather than by trying to force changes in social practice and custom to suit the requirements of industry as it has developed in Europe and America. For instance, separate sanitary provision is made in the jute mills for Hindus, Mohammedans, and Buddhists; workers are permitted to bring their young children with them into the mills; and reasonable absences from their machines for bathing are permitted to the workers.

The relative efficiency of the Indian worker compared to the European or American is an interesting and intricate problem,—an abstract problem, the answer to which is not capable of exact determination. It will undoubtedly vary with the character of the work. It would vary also with differences in climate; but climatic differences should be disregarded in any such study of relative efficiency, both because climate itself directly affects the social and physical characteristics of a people and because climate is not interchangeable between the different groups of workers under comparison for test purposes. The Indian is an agriculturalist by centuries of tradition and training. In this

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field he is a hard worker and a continuous worker and an efficient worker, with the tools and the methods which have come down to him through the centuries. He uses much the same plow,—two pieces of wood fastened together,—and much the same harrow and other implements as his forefathers used one or two thousand years ago. With these tools no doubt he is the equal, if not the superior, of his European brother. In other kinds of outdoor work, such as building construction, he is also as industrious and effective as his climate and his traditional methods will permit. On the rubber plantations and in the tin mines of the Malay Peninsula the Indian Tamil does but half the work of the Chinese coolie, and commands but half the wage. The Indian is hampered by centuries of enervating climate and of deadening caste tradition. He persists in carrying things on his head and doing everything by hand processes instead of utilizing modern machinery. If given modern tools, he is more than likely to adapt the tools to his accustomed ways of working. A well-known case of this is in connection with the wheelbarrow. If forced, he will use it for awhile as intended, but very soon he will yield to habit and, filling it lightly, use it as a basket or tray on top of his head. In factory work he often does well where

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the work is repetitive and does not require great speed or physical endurance. He doesn't excel as an industrial worker, but, owing to his low wage, he may nevertheless outdo his European competitor in the cost of his product.

It is not practicable, then, to name any one figure that would represent the efficiency of the Indian compared to the European or American. In old-style agriculture and household arts he would excel. In the use of modern implements he would be inferior. In modern industry he might be distinctly less efficient; indeed, all the evidence points to this conclusion. It is a matter of quite common comment among British manufacturers and engineers in India that Indian labor is expensive and not cheap; that the cost of production is more than in England or Scotland. There seem to be some grounds for this opinion. Until recently the cotton mills of India have made but little headway against the Lancashire mills. But this may be due to the very inferior character and ginning of Indian cotton and to the recognized superiority of the British manufacturer in the "loading" and finishing of goods. The recent prosperity of the Indian cotton mill industry is due both to the continuance of some of the war margins of profit and to the pronounced



STREET BORDERING MADURA TEMPLE, SOUTHERN INDIA



INTERIOR MADURA TEMPLE, SOUTHERN INDIA

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present policy of the Indian people to buy goods made in India and as far as possible avoid buying those made elsewhere (*i.e.*, the *swadeshi* policy). On the other hand, the experience of jute manufacturers has been very different. Ever since the first Indian jute mill was started in 1855, the industry has grown rapidly at the expense of the industry in Dundee, Scotland, clearly indicating lower costs of production in India than in Scotland. However, the question I am raising is not one of comparative production costs but of relative individual working effectiveness.

In appearing before the Committee on Ways and Means of the United States House of Representatives in Washington in February, 1921, I estimated the efficiency of the Indian jute mill worker compared to a Scotchman or American employed in a similar plant as being between a fourth and a sixth. The previous day a manufacturer of jute yarn and twine had stated that the Indian worker had two-thirds the efficiency of the American. Subsequent study of the subject convinces me that in modern textile work the truth lies somewhere between these estimates. Roughly, it would appear that the Indian worker in this field has about one-third the efficiency of the English, Scotch, or American. In the jute manufacturing industry comparison is diffi-

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cult, owing to the use of the two or three-shift system and the sirdar employment plan in India as against the one-shift individual contract system in Scotland. In cotton manufacturing, however, a very close comparison of individual efficiency is possible. The mills in India run single-shift, ten hours a day, sixty hours weekly. The machinery used is practically identical with that used in Lancashire and the layout is essentially similar. Early in March I inspected four or five of the mills in Bombay and talked with their managers. They stated that it was necessary to employ from three to five times as many hands as in England and estimated their labor costs to be at least as high. I obtained the figures for the numbers of spindles, looms, and employees for three of the mills whose product was very similar to that of certain mills in our southern states. After making allowances for the difference due to automatic looms, it developed that these Indian mills were employing between three and a half and four times the number employed in similar American mills now running fifty-five hours weekly. Corresponding figures for jute manufacturing, if obtainable, would probably be somewhat more favorable to the Indian, but would approximate one-third efficiency (three Indian employees to one Scotch). I have no reliable data

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from the engineering trades, but from my own casual observation and from talking with several engineers I should expect the efficiency of the Indian to run between one-half and one-sixth that of the British or American. Under the best management, in the case of repetitive work, the efficiency of the Indian should be about one-half; but where the product is always changing, with no good chance for repetitive operations, and certainly if the laborers were poorly organized and directed, the efficiency would run low. As far as I can determine, there has been no direct inquiry into this question by either the British or Indian government. However, in the report of a government commission on Indian industries a few years ago, the relative efficiency of the Indian worker compared with his English and Scotch brothers was placed in essentially the same position as I have placed it above.

Quite contrary to the general impression in America, the Indian factory laborer is well protected by law as to the number of hours he shall work, legislation on this subject following closely upon the heels of the British Act of 1878, consolidating the various factory acts sparsely scattered over the period beginning with 1802. The first Indian factory act became effective July 1, 1881. It fixed the minimum age of children who might

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be employed at seven years; imposed a limit of nine hours of employment in any one day covering the factory work of "children" between the years of seven and twelve; required the use of guards or "fencing" on all machinery; and gave to the local governments large powers in the administration of the law. Ten years later, by the Indian Factories Act of 1891, still further restrictions were imposed upon factory employment, even adult males being included among those safeguarded. Rest periods were required of at least one day in seven and one-half hour at midday for all workers. The age limits for "children" were increased two years, making them nine to fourteen, and at the same time the daily work period was reduced to seven hours, broken with a rest period of at least half an hour. Women might not be employed over eleven hours in any one day, with rest periods equaling at least one and a half hours distributed through the day. Neither women nor children might be employed before 5 a.m. nor after 8 p.m. These restrictions lasted till 1911, when another factories act was passed following the recommendations of a commission appointed by Government in 1908. This act was in the nature of an amplification and recodification of factory employment legislation and covered a wide variety of subjects, including especially health,



RAIN TREE AND BULLOCK CART, KANDY, CEYLON



TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH, KANDY, CEYLON

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safety, hours of work, inspection, and administration. The restrictions regarding the employment of women and children were but little changed, the working time for women remaining unchanged at eleven hours per day; but children might not be employed before 5.30 a.m. nor after 7 p.m., and in textile mills for not more than six hours per day. A notable feature of the act was the limitation of the hours of work of adult males to twelve in any one day,—a condition which in America would be looked upon as an abridgment of a man's fundamental rights.

While I was in India still another factories act was passed with a view to fulfilling obligations thought to be imposed by the British Empire's membership in the League of Nations and the participation of the Indian government in the League's international labor conferences. Sir Alexander Murray (whose acquaintance I value highly) was a member of India's first delegation to these conferences and during the past year has been a member of the Indian Legislative Council sitting at Delhi. He was a considerable factor in the framing of the law. The Indian Factories Act of 1922 increases the age limits descriptive of a "child" who may be employed in a factory to the period between twelve and fifteen years and decreases the daily hours of employ-

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ment to six. They must not be employed continuously over four hours, and if employed over five and a half hours in a day must have a rest period of at least half an hour. No person may be employed over eleven hours in any one day nor over sixty hours in any one week without cause satisfactory to the government inspectors, and when employed overtime must be paid a premium of 25 per cent for all work over sixty hours per week. Every one must be given a rest period of not less than one hour in every six and no one must be employed continuously over five hours.

In some respects, at least, the Indian factory worker is better protected by legislation from bad conditions and overwork than the American. Males as well as females are included in restrictions as to hours of work. Furthermore, the Indian law specifies what the wage shall be in the case of overtime work. Both of these regulations, if legally possible in America, would be vigorously assailed as unjustly and unnecessarily abridging a man's inherent personal right of contract. That is a very wise feature of Indian law which places a low limit upon the age of children who may be employed and a correspondingly low limit upon the daily hours of employment, to the end that remunerative work and elementary education may go hand in hand with recip-

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rocal advantage to each. On the whole, I can but conclude that the labor legislation of India has been much more carefully considered than our own, is much more timely, and much better adapted to the conditions of the country. The State of Alabama, for instance, could well afford, with advantage to herself, to take a page out of the book of India's record in factory labor legislation. Let us devote ourselves to our own industrial problems, our own racial problems, involving negroes, American Indians, and immigrants of countless races, and our own political problems, before attempting to tell other nationalities how to run their affairs.

CHAPTER VI

“Unrest” in India

THE encyclopedic, high school, guide-book statements in the foregoing chapter regarding the politico-social-industrial conditions in India are presented as a background against which to picture superficially the social evolution (which might possibly become a revolution) that is going on to-day in India, strongly influenced by the Hindu Gandhi and the Mohammedan Ali brothers in temporary alliance. The field upon which their revolutionary seed has been sown is certainly not of homogeneous soil. Quite on the contrary, it is like the terminal moraine of a great glacier rather than the delta of a big river. Both masses have taken thousands of years to accumulate and both masses are composed of pieces assembled from similar widely scattered points. But the delta is homogeneous while the moraine is conglomerate. The delta is fertile and easily tilled, while the moraine is not fertile and is tilled and worked only with the greatest difficulty. The river and the glacier are of the same material, but the river is liquid while the glacier is solid. They are both participating in the production of soil. The glacier by the slow movement of its solid mass brings down



ROCK TEMPLES, DAMBULLA, CEYLON



RECLINING BUDDHA, INTERIOR ROCK TEMPLES, DAMBULLA, CEYLON

“Unrest” in India

from the frozen heights all sizes and shapes and kinds of stones to the place whence, after freezing and thawing and freezing and thawing, the warmer, quicker-moving, liquid water may wash the mass particle by particle down into the fertile delta. The people of India are a great terminal moraine, very conglomerate and still largely cold, unplastic, undisintegrated by the climatic attacks of modern society ; but nevertheless beginning to feel its influence and inevitably soon to be carried on into the fertile fields of productivity by the ever flowing glacial river of human evolution. Gandhi and the Ali brothers are merely very abnormal weather phenomena which for the moment are affecting the entire mass of the moraine ; whether hastening or retarding its absorption by the river of evolutionary progress, one cannot say ; whether purely temporary phenomena or small incidents in a general climatic change that might ultimately wipe out the glacier or the river altogether, one cannot say ; but clearly in themselves they are a temporary influence affecting a peculiarly large portion of the entire conglomerate mass.

Gandhi is undoubtedly the most influential man in India to-day. Every edition of every Indian newspaper or magazine makes at least one reference to him and usually several. He is the daily subject of talk among all

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classes,—friend and foe, poor and rich, Brahmin and outcast, Hindu and Mohammedan, ryot and civilian, Punjabi and Madrasi. He is undoubtedly a leader of men. Would that his leadership might be more sane and friendly, fostering evolution, instead of unsound and seditious, engendering anarchy and revolution! Of the Ali brothers it may be sufficient to say that they are evidently a shrewd, worldly pair, probably more interested in their own political careers and in the creation of a world Mohammedan empire than in the welfare of the Indian people or Gandhi. As far as India is concerned, it is well that they are tucked away in prison for a few years. “Out of sight, out of mind” will no doubt apply to them. Gandhi, however, is of another calibre. I credit him with sincerity of purpose, frankness, and self-sacrifice. He is an educated socialist or communist, and probably believes in “social revolution” as the means for bringing about the communistic conditions he favors. On these grounds alone can I explain his seditious acts and his otherwise unsound political and economic policies. He preaches *swaraj* (political independence) for India, though he has expressed an inclination to compromise on the basis of a “dominion” of the British Empire. He is clearly a socialist or communist working in close touch with the international socialists, including

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Lenine, from whom it is understood he has received ten million rupees in cash for the socialist campaign in India. In directing this campaign he has very cleverly fitted his acts and framed his policies so that he has appealed to the desires and prejudices of the major portion of the great conglomerate mass of the Indian people. In the first place, he has made use of natural racial aversions to develop hatred against the British. His agents have cunningly sown the seed of hatred among the young men, yea, even among the youth and children of the land. Where murders of Britishers have occurred, the murderers have often been boyish or youthful tools of the propagandists, and often without any previous connection with their victims or knowledge of their aims or accomplishments. He has, then, been poisoning the minds of the youth of the land against the British people and government. Such doctrine would always find ready believers among ignorant and subject peoples. In the second place, having established his foundation of hatred, he has openly fostered, if not preached, sedition, by pushing his policy of passive, pacific non-coöperation. Politically this means civil disobedience or the boycott of Government. Commercially it means the boycott of British goods and British industrial effort.

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At Gandhi's trial he was accused of seditious acts on three counts, and having pleaded guilty he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment on each count, or a total of six years. There was cause enough for this arrest and conviction two years earlier. Had Government taken the advice of India's British residents it would have acted then and saved the country from two years of seditious misrepresentation and strife. The present unrest and accompanying costly strikes, *hartals*, and riots might have been avoided. Even at this late date the show of courage and strength and legal authority in Gandhi's arrest and conviction has exerted a noticeably quieting effect upon the people. Had Government shown this courage earlier, it would have saved millions of rupees and possibly many lives. The government has finally become aroused to the seriousness of the situation. Counter-movements have been started both by British and natives. Gandhi-ism will fade slowly while Gandhi is in prison, but six years will by no means wipe it out. Your guess is as good as mine as to conditions and developments upon the conclusion of the sentence. *Swaraj* and *swadeshi* will undoubtedly persist and in large volume, as they should persist, but I believe it to be the hope and desire of practically all Indians of culture that home rule and economic independence



ELEPHANTS ON THE ROAD NORTH FROM KANDY, CEYLON



SIGIRI ROCK, CEYLON
Ruins of ancient fort and palace on top

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should come gradually through the development of the popular sense in modern political and economic life.

There is, no doubt, considerable unrest in India. It is noticeable on the street, in the trains, and in the mills. It is evidenced by extensive strikes, by decreasing courtesy toward the white race, and by increasing lawlessness. But the same is largely true throughout the world. In varying degrees it will be found in England, Ireland, France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Japan, Egypt,—yes, and throughout the American hemisphere. We have identical conditions to deal with in the Philippines, barring only the great complexities peculiar to India, and the propaganda of the genius Gandhi. In China the big generals are carrying on a departmental war, while labor is acting with more independence and better local organization than in England or Australia. This was evidenced by the success of the Hongkong seamen's strike, in which ultimately all laborers struck (even domestic servants and clerks), tying up the business of the port for two or three months and winning all contentions, including large wage increases in the face of a generally falling market. Conditions in India are not much more disturbed than in other great countries. It is true Gandhi has nearly succeeded in bringing about the social revolution which he de-

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sires, but now that he is jailed the great conservative influences of this very conglomerate mass should bring India back into its line of normal evolution. Her normal evolution politically is along the lines of self-government, locally if not nationally. This is quite clearly recognized alike by both British and Indian political and commercial leaders. The problem is to synchronize the political development of the nation with its educational development. If either advances much beyond the other, revolution and retrogression will be the natural result.

During the last two or three years labor troubles in India have neither been markedly different in character nor more in extent than elsewhere. There have been prolonged strikes in the cotton mills, but so also have there been in England, France, Japan, and America. There have been strikes on the railways, but so there have been in England and France and America. The jute mills have experienced little out of the ordinary. On the whole, considering the comparatively small number of British in India compared with the number of natives, it is really astonishing that serious strikes and riots have not been more widespread and more persistent. Government and orderly development are very big problems in India, but so also are they big problems in

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Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Japan, Argentine, China, and America.

While in India I was interested to observe that the participants in such small disturbances as I saw were chiefly young men, very young men. These, likewise, are the trouble-makers in America, and elsewhere. The spirit of rowdyism or of adventure is probably the thing that brings them into the fray. But this spirit will always assert itself most when backed by some great popular cause or battle-cry. For then not only do the rowdies and the adventurous come out, but also the young men of serious purpose and democratic spirit. These latter are the balance of power, and these are the ones whom every sound government should strive particularly to serve and to count among its most ardent supporters. Gandhi has been getting them in India, instead of Government, and again let me suggest that in America political effort is too sensitive to mass pleasure and too little cognizant of serious youth. Without the support of this element orderly evolution must give way to disorderly revolution in India,—and everywhere else.

CHAPTER VII

Ceylon

BEFORE visiting Ceylon I always found it hard to visualize it as separate and apart from the Indian Empire. It *is* almost connected geographically with the mainland of India. Its inhabitants are closely connected racially with the people of the nearby shores. Their garb is much like that of the Burmese, while their religion is a curious mixture of Buddhism and Hinduism. But as a matter of fact Ceylon is a distinctly separate country, one of Britain's crown colonies, with laws of its own, customs of its own, thought of its own, and a people of its own, the Singhalese. We found them much more like the Burmese than like the Bengalis or Punjabis, industrious, contented, and not too serious. The industries of the country have been going through a period of depression following the war the same as other countries; tea, cocoa, and rubber plantations were all reported as struggling through a slough of unprofitable prices. The laborers, however, looked prosperous, and we saw but few beggars on our automobile trip of some three hundred miles around the island. We saw no signs of unrest nor of bolshevism. On the surface, anyway,



THUPARAMA DAGOBA (RESTORED), ANURADHAPURA, CEYLON
There are many square miles of ruins similar to those in the foreground



BRAZEN PALACE, ANURADHAPURA, CEYLON
Ruins of building of about 1600 columns

Ceylon

social and industrial conditions looked as calm and harmonious as the physical beauties of Kandy, where we spent a couple of days.

We ran into the Prince of Wales in Ceylon. He was at Kandy the first night we were there. All roads led to Kandy that night, and we passed people walking thither from twenty miles away, to help make up the hundred thousand persons probably who were in the city to greet the Prince. We were too haphazardly late to participate in any of the special princely events, but we did see the crowds, and the fireworks on the lake, and just a bit of the *Perrahada*, a pantomime procession of religious significance with fifty or more elephants and native dancers in aboriginal and gorgeous courtly costumes in line. The *Perrahada* ordinarily occurs once a year. This one was arranged specially for the Prince and it was much the best feature of his visit to the Orient,—within my own experience.

In Ceylon there are evidences of a very old civilization. The ruins at Anuradhapura cover an area of one or two hundred square miles and indicate a civilization of marked refinement and a capital city of truly grand proportions and great beauty,—certainly for two thousand years ago. Also, at Sigiri, forty miles to the southeast, on the top of a great boulder five hundred

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feet up in the air, may be found the ruins of a curious, unique, palatial stronghold of about the same age. Millions of bricks were in some way carried to the top of this mountainous boulder for the gratification and protection of the royal body. At Anuradhapura the buildings were of stone, and among the ruins of the temples and palaces there are some of the most beautiful columns and capitals that I have ever seen. They also contain curious, well-designed, well-carved, half-moon shaped steps. In marked contrast to the fine stonework just mentioned are the great dagobas, enormous monumental piles of brick and mortar built around some token of Buddha or of a Buddhistic saint. Scattered here and there throughout the island there are Buddhist temples cut out of the rocky cliffs, with numerous Buddhas similarly executed. All of these places can be reached, or nearly reached, by motor, for there are fine roads throughout the island, even through the jungle, where one evening, after having been vigorously pursued for a hundred yards by a week-old buffalo, we saw several hares, a wildcat, and two deer. Truly Ceylon is a land that will bear inspection, whether from a distance or on the spot.



ENTRANCE TO QUEEN'S PAVILION, ANURADHAPURA



MOONSTONE STEPS, KING'S AND QUEEN'S PALACE, 300 B.C., ANURADHAPURA

CHAPTER VIII

Paquebot Porthos

THE Messageries Maritimes paquebot *Porthos* was the ship in which we spent three weeks between Colombo and Shanghai. We were “shanghaied” into this event, never having intended originally to take this ship nor to spend so much time in reaching Shanghai. But we were in good luck as to the ship and the ship’s company, and had we gone more quickly, we would have seen neither Saigon nor Haiphong nor the country behind them—and they are well worth seeing. We had on board about four hundred French troops bound for Indo-China, and though we saw but little of them during the voyage, we smelt them all the way from Colombo to Saigon. Complaint was made to the captain, but he insisted nothing could be done till the *poilus* disembarked at Saigon,—and of course he had to prove himself right about it. I was quite disgusted with him for this, but forgave him after we left Saigon and the smell behind us,—especially when we became more chummy with the “commandant” and learned how good a bridge player he was.

The company on the *Porthos* was quite a different sort from that on the *Kaisar-i-Hind*, with a distinct

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French atmosphere. It seemed almost like getting home again, because in India when I could n't make myself understood to the natives I would lapse into my impossible French. On the *Porthos* my linguistic efforts were fairly successful, but neither Gregg nor I took full advantage of our opportunity to improve. There were some interesting French people on board: — the newly appointed naval attaché to the embassy at Tokyo; the consular representative for Hunan, the southernmost province, or independent state of China; the consul at Vladivostok; and Captain Duclos, the possessor of a great string of war medals, a constant admirer of the ladies, and sad indeed to be ordered to remain at Saigon when he had hoped for better things. There were two or three English on board: — Mr. Balance of Bombay, a well-read business man with a considerable fund of dry wit; a Cadbury chocolate drummer, named Clackett, who was rather a good sort in his way, but his way partook of the “Buttinsky” variety; and one or two others of weaker strain. Then there were Indians in the first cabin from Singapore to Saigon, and an accumulating group of Chinese. So, too, was there a considerable number of Americans: — Mrs. Graham of Santa Barbara, and her twenty-year-old-twice-engaged daughter Jerry, a girl of attractive personality and brilliant



*Abbayagiriya Dagoba
(Jetavanarama in the distance)*



*Jetavanarama Dagoba
(290 A.D.)*

ANURADHAPURA, CEYLON

Paquebot Porthos

mind; Mr. and Mrs. Carbarrie of Kenya Colony, East Africa, and California; and Mr. and Mrs. Stryker and five children, of Virginia and Pennsylvania, bound for a two years' business visit to Java. The voyage was kaleidoscopic with ever-changing company, scene, climate, country, and viewpoint, but I shall not cease to regret that we had to cut the Philippines out of the kaleidoscope.

We stopped for a day or two each at Penang, Singapore, Saigon, Haiphong, and Hongkong. After leaving Saigon, I said to one of the little girls of the naval attaché, "Comment aimes-tu Saigon?" and she replied, "Je crois qu'elle est très belle, mais la ville de Penang est la plus belle." I quite agreed with her. Among all the ports I have visited I think Penang is the prettiest, considering the aspect both from the sea and the land. Saigon, too, is a pretty place, on the banks of the Saigon River, twenty or thirty miles inland from Cap St. Jacques on the coast, in a large, rich delta region. Though not as good a harbor as Penang nor as pretty a city, Saigon is as clean a city as any I have visited in the Orient. Perhaps this is because the French have isolated most of the natives in the neighboring town of Cholon, where modern Indo-China revels in opium dens, both big flashy ones and small dingy ones, and in

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narrow, crazy, helter-skelter streets, some of them moderately clean and some very filthy. As usual in the case of a city built up by the French, Paris has been the model; so there are broad boulevards here and there, and a fine municipal opera house, sidewalk cafés, and fine roads lined with big trees and great squares, and much parking around the fine public buildings. We found traces of Mr. J. S. Bemis's stay there a year previous,—at the American consulate, where we met Consul Smith of the Pacific Northwest, a live wire, real American, and cordial host. Although Haiphong is the port for Hanoi, the capital of Indo-China, it is not nearly as large and progressive and up-to-date as Saigon, if Cholon be included. It is, however, the channel through which the great delta valley of the Sang Koi (Red) River maintains its communication with the outside world. Rice and castor beans are the chief products of the valley, and in motoring inland a hundred kilometres to Hanoi, over a flat level road, one could see nothing but the bright, joyous green of the immature rice and bean crops dotted here and there with small agricultural villages and small pagodas and temples. Hanoi is the centre for all the hand industries of Indo-China, and both workshops and stores are grouped together on specialized streets: the hat makers on

Paquebot Porthos

“Hat Street,” the brass works on “Brass Street,” the silk shops on “Silk Street,” etc., a unique and most excellent arrangement. Neither the length of our stay in Indo-China nor the time of year made it practicable to visit the very extensive and remarkable ruins of Angkor nor to see much of the equally remarkable Bay of Along. This is a bay or inland sea extending eastward from Haiphong for one hundred miles or so, and filled to overflowing with precipitous, cavernous, rocky islands of all shapes and sizes. Evidently thousands of years ago the gods of Fire, Earth, and Water conspired to make for their use and enjoyment first a “garden of the gods,” and then turned it into a public park and bathing pool for the benefit of all their tribes. Of dirty, seething, crazy, interesting Canton we saw nothing, and of Hongkong only a bit. A couple of hours at luncheon at the hotel at Repulse Bay, on the east side of the island of Hongkong, reminded us of the cleanliness and comforts and joys of our own Pacific Coast resorts.

Between Ceylon and China we saw but few traces of the big war. Both Penang and Singapore have grown, Penang without sullyng its beauty, while Singapore looked distinctly dirtier and more commercial. Indo-China, as viewed within small areas around its chief

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cities of Saigon, Haiphon, and Hanoi, is a snug little (?) French colony. It contains about fifteen million people, of the Malay type, yellow-brown and small of stature. They are industrious and peaceful, near the coast, anyway, although man-eaters are reported to inhabit the mountainous regions to the west, bordering the Chinese province of Hunan. Apparently the French rule the country with a rod of iron, keeping the masses largely illiterate and squelching sedition at its inception wherever it seems to appear. No newspapers are allowed to publish bolshevist stuff, and any agitator is "canned" before he begins to agitate. Order is maintained by two or three regiments of *poilus* and a few thousand native troops. Rice, rubber, cacao, and the castor bean are the chief exports of the country, and though there is some trading with countries other than France, the French quite naturally and quite thoroughly monopolize the commerce and industry of the colony. Methods of work and social institutions are typically Chinese. There are few draft animals and, except for the aid of the water buffalo, everything is done by direct human power, and the women do two-thirds of the work. Superficially viewed, in Indo-China wages are lower and unrest and political agitation scarcer than in any country visited on this world tour.



STREET IN SAIGON, ANNAM, INDO-CHINA



SPOOK PICNIC AT THE FALLS OF TRIAN, INDO-CHINA

CHAPTER IX

China

THE bad luck that knocked out our Philippine visit pursued us into China. We were too late by two days to go to Peking. It is said that there are three things to see in China,—Canton, the Gorges of the upper Yangtze-kiang, and Peking. The six or seven days we used up by going to Saigon and Haiphong cut us out of one or more of these three major Chinese sights, but we would not have missed Indo-China nevertheless. China is the most democratic country in the world. Every city or town is a law unto itself. Every province is practically autonomous. This is because there is no strong, authoritative central government, nor national laws that are enforceable. This in turn is partially due to lack of communication between different parts of the country, and partially, too, to the traditional graft and irresponsibility that pervades all Chinese officialdom. China is in name a republic, but the President is virtually appointed by a few individuals who may be powerful for the time being and, after being appointed, seems neither to have nor to assume any great measure of authority. So the people locally devise and administer whatever

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laws and legal practices they may require for local peace and happiness, strike as favorable a bargain as possible with the federal tax collector, and leave the country nationally to be the shuttlecock of its big generals, its tax collectors, and any other federal officials who may have the ability to grab funds and personal support for the furthering of their own ambitions. So our visit to Peking was prevented by the staging of a knock-out fight between the two most powerful of the republic's generals, Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu, the former doing business northeast of Peking, and General Wu to the south and west. Each seems to treat the public revenues and military establishment of his section as his own personal property.

For some time, evidently, these two governor-generals have been fighting by word and bullet for the military and political throne of the "republic." The President has little power that the war lords do not pass on to him, and the method now in vogue for exercising this military control seems to be for the dominant general to nominate and direct the Premier. Late last year this privilege was assumed by Chang, and evidently Wu has been preparing ever since then to cross swords with him for the supreme position. Outwardly their respective claims are well set forth in the



ROADSIDE TEMPLE BETWEEN HAIPHONG AND HANOI, TONQUIN, INDO-CHINA



RECEPTION COMMITTEE, SEPT PAGODAS, TONQUIN, INDO-CHINA

China

following pronouncements, made about a fortnight before the big clash at arms.

General Chang Tso-lin in an open telegram stated in part:

“The republic has been established for ten years, but China has been divided for a long time and there are troubles every year. The country has been divided into sections by certain political parties who are out for their own benefit and who work under the cloak of acting in accordance with the law. Militarists treat the places which they govern as their own personal property.

“China was the centre of interest during and immediately following the Washington Conference. Should we continue to fight among ourselves, foreigners will treat us as a laughing-stock. I, therefore, am extremely sad on this account. I, who have been a militarist for more than half of my whole lifetime, have suffered much and have undergone many troubles, but when I look at China to-day my agony is by far bitterer than ever before.

“Being afraid that China, like an aged house, will tumble to pieces if no renovation is made, and realizing how unhappy the people are, I have resolved to clear away all obstacles to re-unification of the coun-

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try by leading my troops into Peking as the first step towards setting our house in order. I hope thus to use military force to bring about national unity.

“If there are any persons who unite to injure the country and harm the people, if there are any who break the laws of our country and who rob the people by commandeering their money and property, we shall treat such as obstacles in the way to national unity, for not only I but the citizens of China will rise and drive them away. Most people, I am sure, will agree with me.

“Apropos of national unification: I have no plans to make. I have nothing to say in this regard, for I leave it to the elders, the upright and the patriotic citizens of the country, to decide how and when the conference shall be called and how the laws shall be fixed.

“I am not supporting any single person, nor am I supporting any political party, neither am I a member of any political party or an enemy to any individual, for God knows what is in my heart, but I *am* an enemy to the enemies of my country.”

General Wu Pei-fu replied:

“Ever since the days of old, there has been a saying in China that if there is warfare, it is very dangerous.



TIRED MILL WORKERS MOTORING HOME, SHANGHAI



CHING HWA HOTEL, HANGCHOW
Modern Chinese hotel

Now many will ask why I do not act in accordance with this teaching.

“I have attacked Liang-Shih-yi* because he is a danger to the republic and because he is a traitor, selling our national rights to foreigners.

“Apropos of the Fengtien army, I have already made a statement. Everybody knows that I have given way much to General Chang Tso-lin. Our Chihli troops have up to the present not been moved a single foot, but the Fengtien armies have been continuously passing south of Shanhaikuan and are becoming a menace to us. Who is in the right and who is for peace, the people themselves can see.

“Many telegrams have been received during the past few days urging us not to resort to arms but to maintain peace. But if the Fengtien troops refrain from coming south, how can there be war? The Fengtien headquarters in Peking should be abolished, and the people should demand this.

“In connection with the peace and safety of the Capital (which excuse the Fengtien army gives for its presence there), the police and the public organizations can maintain such without the interference or the as-

* The Chinese Premier—said to have been the appointee and tool of General Chang.

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sistance of Fengtien. Therefore, if each military commander will hereafter control and guard his own jurisdiction, act in accordance with the orders of the Central Government and maintain a peaceful attitude, it is unlikely that our Chihli troops will travel to the north of Shanhaikuan and fight.

“If we can no longer maintain patience and if there is nothing else for us to do, then of course it will be necessary for us to protect ourselves. And then who will be responsible for warfare if it breaks out? You will all know and you can answer yourselves.

“China’s troubles of to-day date back to the time when Yuan Shih-kai attempted to make himself monarch. And who was his chief supporter? Liang Shih-yi. Loans have constantly been contracted and to-day they amount to thousands of millions of dollars. The people of the country cannot pay back these debts, and their sons and grandsons will have to be responsible for their repayment. But Liang still thinks there is not enough debt, and Chang Tso-lin is still supporting this robber (traitor) who is injuring the country and the people and selling by auction the last rights of the Chinese people.

“These two now are trying to use military force to make the people bend their knees to them. When we look into their actions, we shall find at the bottom of

China

their hearts they are only working for their own selfish interests."

Before the "war" it was reported that Chang had the most money, but Wu probably the better military organization and the greater martial ability. Wu fights in the front, while Chang directs operations from the rear. Together they controlled the movements of a quarter of a million men. The movement of these troops tied up all of the rail lines to the east and south of Peking. The service for all but troops was discontinued two days before we were to leave for Peking, so we just missed getting into the fighting ourselves. A friend who went over the Peking-Hankow line a fortnight earlier witnessed a remarkable thing,—all along the route the inhabitants of the cities were out in large numbers, working like ants in the rebuilding of their ancient fifty-foot-thick walls. This effort was inspired locally as a protection against marauding troops, whether friend or foe. The opposing armies finally came together about the first of May. Wu proved himself to be the better general and the war quickly ended, leaving him supreme in Peking. Will Wu prove equally efficient as a political leader and add cohesion and progress to the drifting national raft?

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The influence and power of the national government centred in Peking is very slight way down in the southern provinces (Canton, for instance), with no through rail connections. There it is even more a case of every man for himself. Labor is taking a hand in the "management of the business." They parade the streets in support of anything that strikes their fancy, such as woman's suffrage, carrying banners inspired if not supplied by the international socialists. Recently, when the government issues of paper dollars became so great that the bankers and exchange brokers refused to accept them at par for silver, the labor council put out an edict requiring them to pay silver for paper, dollar for dollar. In support of this edict, they sent a small bunch of ten men through the business section to demand compliance or suffer arrest. These men were dressed in white and marched openly, single file, through the city. The last man carried a revolver and belt borrowed or taken from the police. Bankers and brokers either complied or closed and barred their doors. All this was done with the knowledge of the civil government and police, who virtually refused protection to the money changers. This whole performance, of course, had nothing more than a temporary effect upon the real value of the paper dollar, but Dr. Sun Yat-sen,



OLD STONE BRIDGE AND PRIEST, ZAHKOU, CHINA
Tiger Run monastery near Hangchow



TEMPLE OF 1000 BUDDHAS, SOOCHOW, CHINA

China

President of the Southern Republic, and the official civil government of Canton did no doubt somewhat intrench themselves in power and influence with labor as a hedge against the possible dictation of the military forces under the leadership of General Chen Chiung-ming. One thing is clear from the recent course of things in Canton and Hongkong: labor is learning the power of organization and may be counted upon hereafter as an ever increasing factor in the settlement of local and national problems. If General Wu should try to extend his power down into the Cantonese section, he should have labor upon his side and properly recognize the rights of labor or he will fail.*

There is another important factor in modern and modernizing China: the Christian mission, of every sect. In Canton, recently, there was a kind of explosion against the growing influence of Christianity, largely because of the Christian doctrine of monogamy. What the outcome was or will be I don't know, but it is clear that the influence of Christianity is nowhere making such strides as in China to-day. Many of the most influential men of the nation are Christian by education if not by confession of faith. Most of the secular edu-

* Written early in May, 1922. The reader is probably familiar with subsequent events.

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cational establishments and hospitals of the land owe their origin, if not their maintenance, to Christian effort. The Y. M. C. A., planted in China by Americans, is now mostly maintained and conducted by the Chinese. China is still a great seething maelstrom of human thought and action. When the waters of this maelstrom finally get down into the broad, quiet valley of gentle steady flowing, I believe it will be found that it was the channel of Christian influence that led them there.

Most of the cotton mills in China are in Shanghai or thereabouts. There is a big increase in plant going on right now, and a large part of the new machinery being installed is of American make. The mills are owned by Chinese, English, and Japanese. The mills under Japanese management are said to be the best. Chinese management is varied in character, but on the whole is inferior to Japanese or British. There are practically no labor laws and the hours of work are too long, and there are quite too many young children employed. All the mills are now running night and day, some working two shifts of twelve hours each and some two of eleven. Sunday is practically without consideration,—whether for rest or recreation. Most mills close twenty-four hours every ten days. Women earn

China

about twenty-two cents (gold) per day. Owing to the large number of young children employed and to the general greenness of the operatives, it is taking four or five times as many hands to run a mill as the same equipment in America. Chinese cotton is of very short staple ($\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{5}{8}$ inch), and it is the usual practice to mix Indian or American cotton with it to carry it through. On this basis the finished cost of yarn and cloth would be about the same as in the case of Indian mills. The product would be better in quality and cost if the shifts were reduced to fifty-five hours weekly, and children under fourteen eliminated entirely. Far more intelligent management is shown in the running of an American produce plant, the Midland Packing Company, where millions of eggs are prepared for shipment to America and Europe. There reasonable hours are observed, and otherwise the employees are being given every opportunity to become proficient in their work and to live in health and self-respect. This is just another example of the many good influences America has exerted upon China.

CHAPTER X

Japan

WE moved on to Japan in a small Japanese boat, the *Yawata Maru*. It was none too clean, but we had good weather and we reached Moji and Kobe in good time. We had a look around one of the Kanegafuchi cotton mills in Kobe and later a mill in Osaka. For the rest of our stay in Japan we were tourists of the rank gullible variety, visiting Kyoto with its many temples; Yamada, the home of Shintoism, the official religion of Japan; nearby Futami and Toba; Yokohama, Tokyo, and Kamekura, where the great Diabutsu sits.

In traveling from America through India to Japan I heard some twenty people voluntarily refer to Japan and the Japanese in comparison with the Chinese. Invariably the comment was derogatory. The Japanese were tricky, dishonest, discourteous, haughty, or incompetent. The Chinese were true, competent, always jolly and laughing. The American always does feel this way toward the Chinese, and my slight acquaintance with them would justify such comment regarding them. On the other hand, I have personally had but the kindest, most courteous, most honest



GIRLS' DORMITORY, COTTON MILL, OSAKA, JAPAN



GREGG, JAPANESE INN, TOBA, JAPAN

Japan

treatment from the Japanese. They are certainly more serious than the Chinese and probably they are not so frank and open. In China I found some evidence at least that there is little to choose between the two races as to commercial and industrial competence and integrity. In Indo-China America was very much under the ban for the way our merchants acted there after the war. As to haughtiness and discourtesy, I have seen more or less of both shown to foreigners by provincial America. "People who live in glass houses must not throw stones."

No, the trouble with Japan is her very competence, both nationally and individually. Her progress from an ancient social and industrial status into that of a modern, wealthy, powerful, virile nation is almost unparalleled in history. She has a right to be a little haughty and a little incompetent. Of course no race should be discourteous, and racially I believe the Japanese are not discourteous. What little discourtesy I have seen would probably have been much amplified in an Englishman, German, Frenchman, or American. The ill-feeling that has existed between America and Japan I believe has been largely due to some kind of insidious propaganda. I was much pleased to have Ambassador Warren and others indicate that the

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Washington Conference had resulted in distinctly improved relations. Japan is an overgrown boy, bright beyond his years, pressed too hurriedly into the service, proud or silly from flattery, weak from his own abnormal growth and accomplishment.

Japan is on the verge of a serious setback. Wages advanced two or three hundred per cent during the war and practically no deflation has yet occurred. Women cotton mill workers earn sixty or seventy-five cents (gold) per day, and the Japanese manufacturers who own mills both in China and Japan are finding it quite impossible to keep their home mills going in competition with their Chinese plants. They are still requiring three or four times as many employees to run their mills as we do, and have largely lost their ability to undersell America. They are still pursuing the mistaken idea that they can do everything and make everything themselves, import little and export much. Japan has a rough, hard road to travel the next ten years. America can well afford to follow the lead of Commodore Perry and be generous and patient toward Japan.

The Great War brought great changes throughout the entire structure of social, industrial, and political Japan,—changes second only to those in the various

Japan

countries of Europe. Socially, there has been a great awakening of the people to their individual rights and privileges. The industrial plant of Japan has probably doubled in eight years, the growth being enormous in the great industrial ports such as Kobe and Osaka. As may be judged from the foregoing comment, this growth has been quite too rapid for assimilation. Wages trebled. Conditions of modern factory life in conjunction with this radical increase in wages have brought with them self-assertion, social ambition, labor unionism, and the same spirit of unrest or socialism which is to-day shaking society in most of the other large nations of the world. Politically, too, Japan has changed, with a resulting and continuing increase in the power and influence of her national parliament.

Notwithstanding these great structural changes, it is surprising to note how certain ancient superstitions persist in the minds of this wonderful, quickly-modernizing people. Last April, when the Imperial Hotel caught fire in the middle of the day, the fire department promptly responded. Although the fire was raging violently and immediate streams of water were clearly necessary if any part of the structure were to be saved, the department considered it necessary first to satisfy their religious obligations before making a

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single effort to attach hose and get streams on the fire. Close at hand they set up images of Buddha and offered sacrifices and prayers for the deliverance of the building and any humans whose lives might be endangered. Only after fulfilling these religious obligations did they turn to modern science and physical activity to suppress the flames. The hotel and all its contents were an entire loss, and one guest in an upper story, who had received no notice or warning of the fire, barely escaped with his life. Perhaps, however, the fact that he did escape may be credited to Buddha.

There are some very fine cotton mills in Japan, finely conceived, finely built, and finely operated. Among the best might be cited the Hyogo plant of the Kanegafuchi Company. Not only is this one of the cleanest, most orderly of mills, but it would be my guess that it is manufacturing goods of the highest quality at close to the lowest costs. From figures given me by one of their managers, Mr. Fukuhara, their labor efficiency in comparison with America would be nearly fifty per cent instead of twenty-five, as in the average Japanese mill. This company maintains extensive dormitories and dining-rooms, schools for the young men and girls specializing in subjects peculiar to the industry, also recreation grounds, theatre, gardens, etc. They have an



TOMB AND SHRINE, KIYOMIZU TEMPLE, KYOTO, JAPAN



AFTER SAYING GOOD-BYE TO THE PRINCE OF WALES, KYOTO, JAPAN

Japan

elaborate and extremely liberal plan of sick and death benefits, so liberal, in fact, that there is great doubt if, financially, it will stand the test of time. This company is the life-work of one of the great men of modern Japan, Sanji Muto. System and respect, liberality and happiness,—a truly spiritual atmosphere,—permeated the Hyogo mill. I never saw more deference and real respect paid by employees to any manager than was shown to Mr. Fukuhara when he accompanied me through the mill.

On this visit, as formerly, I had but one rebuff, and that from the same person as before, and probably justified. Everybody else treated us with real courtesy, and this journal would lengthen much if I were to comment upon all the many acts of kindness that were done for us while there. Nobody could have been more kind and friendly in receiving me than was Dr. Takuma Dan, a graduate in 1878 from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He had been back but a day from encircling the globe as chairman of a Japanese industrial commission—yet he stole time from a committee meeting to tell me his “flash” on world conditions as we each sipped a cup of tea.

CHAPTER XI

Hawaii

FROM Yokohama to Honolulu we traveled on the *Golden State*, one of the U. S. Shipping Board boats operated by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Early in 1921 I had been all over her at Newport News a few days before delivery. As was evident then, her passenger accommodations are badly planned for tropical regions, too much closed in and with too little open deck space. But we had quite smart northeasterly trade-winds all the way to Hawaii, so we suffered neither from heat nor lack of air. Sailing on an American ship across the Pacific, where American shipping is at least a recognizable factor, and mingling again with our own countrymen gave us a distinct and very pleasant feeling of proprietorship. This feeling was quite pronounced when we found ourselves seated at table with our friends, Mr. and Mrs.—— of Boston. The *Golden State* proved to be a clean, fast, sea-worthy ship,—quite sustaining the fine reputation which the “State” boats have built up throughout the Orient. Upon arriving at Hawaii I was quite disgusted to learn that all these boats were to be changed in name to “President” boats, at a cost for relabeling of several



FIERY SMOKING CRATER OF HALEMAU MAU, HAWAII
A mile away is the centre of the great extinct volcano of Kilauea



LOOKING 500 FT. DOWN INTO HALEMAU MAU

Hawaii

thousand dollars a boat and with the sacrifice of tens of thousands of dollars of "goodwill" attaching to the well-known trade name of "State Boat." Business and politics make poor bedfellows!

We sandwiched in a week at Hawaii between the two sections of our voyage across the Pacific. It was thus that we came to appreciate both the islands and their name. I suppose there is no fairer land in all the world than the Sandwich Islands,—none, anyway, in which the climate and soil and flora and fauna so unite with American institutions to inspire contentment in the human mind. Yet these outwardly blissful conditions continually rest upon the edge of volcanic eruption. One week after we had stood upon the edge of Halemaumau and beheld the boiling, seething, smoking lava four hundred feet below, the floor of the crater receded five hundred feet more and the ground on which we had stood dropped *en masse* into the cauldron to mix once more with elementary liquid earth. And so it is with social Hawaii. Outwardly peace and happiness are everywhere and may continue without end; but some day, perhaps, social Mauna Loa will erupt or Kilauea fall in.

The population of these islands is not large,—about a quarter of a million. Of these the great majority are

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of the Malay race, nearly half of the total being Japanese or born of Japanese parents. About one-tenth each are Chinese, Filipino, Korean, Portuguese, and Aryan. Perhaps half of the last group are Americans, constituting but one-twentieth of the entire population. Here, then, on a comparatively small scale, the U. S. A. is trying to solve one of the great problems of the world, the racial problem, closely allied to the problem of international relations. Here is a great ethnologic laboratory. Just as Professor Jaggar at his volcanic laboratory perched on the edge of Kilauea is trying to solve the great problems of fundamental geologic structure, so are the American people undertaking to solve through their laboratory in the same islands the great problems of social inter-racial structure, not because they have initiated this problem, but because the problem has been thrust upon them.

The public schools in Honolulu appear to be of the highest character. The principal of the Royal School has a unique personality, evidently with a genius and love for teaching. Would that such men were more numerous! Whereas he lays no claim to being trained as a teacher, and follows the old-school method of strict disciplinary work, he certainly has the respect and reverence of his teachers and pupils, and gets fine



RAINBOW FALLS, HILO, HAWAII



HAWAIIAN-AMERICANS

Hawaii

results.* I spent an hour the morning of our departure for San Francisco in meeting this man and visiting a few of the classes in the Royal School. As far as I could see, there were no white children in the school. The different races are represented about in proportion to the general population of the islands, about half the pupils being Hawaii-Americans of Japanese parentage. In Kawaihau Seminary two years ago there were thirty-two races and racial combinations directly represented among the pupils. English is, naturally, the language of the school, but the presence and use of five other languages must be recognized in greater or less degree,—Japanese, Chinese, Filipino, Portuguese, and Hawaiian. One class sang three songs for me, one each in Hawaiian, Japanese, and English. As an opening exercise there was a calisthenic drill of the younger classes combined with a salute to the American flag. Later several of the classes, at the request of the principal, gave exhibitions in the form of tests illustrating the training they were getting and, incidentally, the character of their developing citizenship. The work that is being done in the Hawaiian public schools is of

*Cf. *A Survey of Education in Hawaii*, published by the Bureau of Education of the Department of the Interior, U. S. A. Bulletin Number 16, 1920.

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the greatest significance to the future of those islands and of America's relations with the people of Eastern Asia. I understand the Japanese and Chinese residents of Hawaii have mostly renounced their allegiance to the countries whence they came and consider themselves American citizens. Certainly their Hawaii-American-born children will be American citizens and have every intention of remaining so. They are wholly loyal to-day. Their intellectual capacity is unbounded and we are giving them wide opportunity through the public schools to develop in that direction. In short, the very races we seek to exclude from Continental America are those from which in Hawaii are coming the brightest, most virile, most hopeful material for future citizenship. Are we to exclude them from the field of proprietorship in Hawaii? Are we to exclude such citizens from owning land in California? Not if there be real justice in our institutions. And yet it is clear that either practically or legally this very thing may transpire. If so, our ethnologic laboratory will have been useless.

CHAPTER XII

Unrest

THIS world of ours grows smaller and smaller as the years roll around, and as the human intellect digs deeper and deeper into the infinite depths of cause and effect. Research in pure and applied science goes hand in hand in the development of the telephone and wireless telegraphy, the railroad, the steamship, and the airship; finance, commerce, and industry; in medicine and in education. With the discovery of every new cause we add to those things which are continually bringing the human race into closer contact, more intimate relations, and more inter-dependence upon each other's acts. With the multiplying store of such attainments the work and habits of the individual change, social customs change, and the possibility of returning to the "good old days" of yore (which Gandhi is reported to advocate) is "lost and gone forever." There is no more possibility of turning back to the hand spinning of yarn and the hand weaving of cloth in the home than there is for the struggling plant to hold back the course of a great glacier. There is nothing whatever in the whole history of the human race to justify such a possibility. Whither we are going

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nobody knows, but evolution is continually pushing and pulling us along, *forward*, not backward; we cannot go back.

The unrest that one finds in India is the same unrest that one finds in England or in China or in the Philippines or right at home in America, differing only in degree but not in kind. It is evidenced by strife, —by riots, by rebellions, and by wars. Superficially, the cause of unrest would seem to lie in widespread dissatisfaction over the established regulations governing the rights of property and personal privilege. Anyway, we see people chafing under the limitations imposed in matters of personal liberty, great groups of people chafing under the limitations imposed by society over the distribution of wealth and the ownership of property. These phenomena, however, are not the cause of unrest but rather the effect, —the effect of people impelled by unrest seeking to determine and to remove its cause.

Mr. Joseph Lee of Boston stated recently: "The causes of unrest are not economic but spiritual, not physical but moral. What we are witnessing is the revolt of men who see life passing away without their ever having lived, who face the prospect of carrying their ideals and their aspirations unfulfilled and un-



BOUND FOR FOREIGN LANDS
Banks of Newfoundland after a storm



BOUND FOR HOME
Leaving Honolulu for San Francisco

Unrest

spoken to the grave. Man under our industrial system — an artist given no opportunity for expression, an inventor employed as an automaton, a thinker tied to a fool-proof machine — is the victim of disappointed instinct, subject, accordingly, to all kinds of nervous and emotional disturbance. It is not personal indulgence but spiritual ideals he is called upon to sacrifice, not his physical comfort but his life. The radical remedy for this condition, if it is ever found, will be in making industry once more expressive of man's constituting instincts, of the lines of life to which he is by nature irretrievably committed. Blessed be those prophets of the future who shall some day awaken us to the truth that it is chiefly in our work that we must live and shall arouse us to acting upon that truth. Meantime the great majority must live upon the margin left outside their work or die. All must so live to some extent because no work can quite convey the spiritual current of man."

Here we have in a nutshell the truth about unrest, except that, in my judgment, it is useless even to hope that industry may widely become expressive of man's constituting instincts and of the lines of life to which he is by nature irretrievably committed. There never has been a time, and we need never expect there will

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be a time, when industry and work will not be forced upon mankind as a prerequisite to physical existence, and involuntary work necessarily means limitation of the individual spiritual expression and, therefore, "unrest." The practical end for which we should strive, so well expressed by Mr. Lee, is to give as large a measure of opportunity as possible for individual expression *outside* of work, — without forgetting the opportunities inside. From this viewpoint, community or national unrest is fundamentally neither bad nor good. It is bad if the popular ideals are unsound or low. It is good if they are sound and high. The ruling spirits in any social group, therefore, should apply themselves persistently to the spread of truth and the development of high ideals.

Upon getting home to America after this second trip around the world, it is certainly an inspiration to breathe again the atmosphere of the "land of the free and the home of the brave." America is now clearly the dominating factor in world forces, and if we can handle the responsibility for sound leadership that rests upon us, with an intelligent breadth of view, with modesty, tolerance, and generosity, as we always have done in our dealings with China, we shall soon glory in a great mission well fulfilled.

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